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HE PSYCHIC IS IN . . . Tiptoe into Madame Earie's parlor, take your usual perch on her snake basket, and ask what is in your heart.

Q: I will. Madame Earie, I keep seeing Bob Woodward creeping around dark restaurants hudd ing with past and present spooks. Has he joined the CIA?

A: They say heavens, no, he's not theirs. But he's apparently doing "a Major Story on the Intelligence Community." Its aim seems to be to rehabilitate the reputation of fellow old Navy man Admiral Stansfeld Turner. (The Reaganauts, recall, blame Jimmy Carter's old CIA honcho for the collapse of US Intelligence.) Meanwhile, by a wild coincidence, Jim Hougan's long-awaited book "Secret Agenda: Watergate, Deep Throat and the CIA" is just being unleashed by Random House. This goes into the Woodward's Navy Intelligence background, and the successful manipulation of Woodward, the Post and the press by the CIA.

Q: I say! Any more suprises?

A: Why, yes. Watergate was, secretly, a sex scandal. FBI documents prove that DNC head-quarters' phones were never bugged at all; the bugs were in the apartments of prostitutes in the nearby Columbia Plaza apartment building, but fake bugging evidence was planted later at the DNC. What's more, Hougan concludes Nixon was spied upon by his own intelligence agents; and the CIA faked the cover story that led to the whole scandal.